

2 9/-
A N
O D E

Most humbly Inscribed to the
Right Hon. Lord *BLAKENET*,

ON HIS
Arrival to *ENGLAND* from *MINORCA*.

To which is added,

An Occasional O D E
O F
C O N S O L A T I O N
Upon the LOSS of
Captain *WILLIAM DEATH*,
Late of the TERRIBLE Privateer.

By Mr. *SWABY*.

Virtue finds its own Reward.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the BENEFIT of the WIDOW of Captain *DEATH*, and to be
had at her House in *Hillyard's Court*, *Old Gravel Lane*, *Wapping*; at *Lloyd's*
Coffee-house, *Lombard-Street*; and at all the Pamphlet Shops. 1757.

(Price *One Shilling*.)

Nov. 8, 1915
Harvard University
Child Memorial Library

Moff. handbl. inscribed to the
Right Hon. Lord ALAKENET
ON HIS
Arrival to ENGLAND from MINORCA
To which is added
An Occasional O.D.E.
CONSOLATION
Upon the LOSS of
CAPTAIN WILLIAM DENTH,
Part of the TERRIBLE PAVEMENT.
By MR. SWART.
Ninth book in our Record.
LONDON:
Printed for the BENEFIT of the Widow of Captain DENTH, and to be
had at first hand, in Hilditch's Court, Old Green Lane, Wapping; at Lloyd's
Coffee-house, Leadenhall-street; and at all the Pencil-shops. 1787.

(Price One Shilling.)

(3)

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BLAKENET.

My LORD,

SINCE every distinguishing Capacity must know that you have often signalized yourself in the service of your King and Country, it is with an infinity of pleased expectation that the Love of all virtuous and honest men are fixed on your Lordship, and what indeed, may they not hope from a Christian and a trusty Soldier, descended from a race more conspicuous for their Virtues, than great Titles, and a Name which to future ages will shine with Merit, and shew that you regarded

garded nothing in competition with true Honour.
You are a Pattern worthy to be imitated by all
True Britons !

I shall now restrain and forbear to expatiate on
those fine Virtues which adorn your MIND, en-
treating leave, for this singular Favour you have
done me, to subscribe myself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's,

Most Obliged,

Most Obedient,

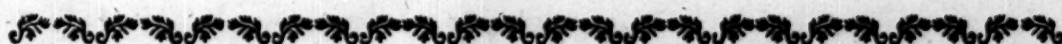
Humble Servant,

Edward Lamport Swaby.



A N

O D E, &c.



RECITATIVE and AIR.



WELCOME great fame once more

Unto *Britannia's* shore,

Long time thou hast in dangers been,

With grief oppress'd,

To see the foe impest,

Thy Master's land thus unforeseen.

A I R,

With length of life such blessings flow from God above,

Always to reward such heroes with his love.

B

R E-

R E C I T A T I V E.

In thee great GEORGE is blest, BLAKENEY that serv'd,
His country's cause and never from it swerv'd.

T R I O.

Exalted now shall be o'er all his foes,
On them shall tread, that will dare to oppose,
Great GEORGE's right, he will resound,
And o'er distant realms dispel,
He whilom, scattered 'round
Pictland all those that did rebel.

R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

Not *Cæsar*, nor great *Alexander*
Ne'er had a more skilful Commander,
Inspir'd by Heav'n, at genuine greatness aim'd,
With virtue and truth; injustice he disclaim'd,
Which made the *Gallic* foe to be asham'd.

Tyrannic pow'r with ardor rise,
Ambitious *France*, whose haughty spirit,
Great Fame shall humble his well known merit,
And virtue with honour regain the prize.

A I R

(7)

A I R.

True *British* hearts never yet fail'd

From ages recorded down,

No *Gallic* force ere prevail'd

O'er great *Britannia's* crown.

R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

Let *Britons* now with Fame rejoin

Their Courage to advance,

Our glory then we shall inhance,

When illustrated by this star,

Which boldly moveth to the war,

Among heroes, where do dwell

A Name that with more conduct shine,

Then *BLAKENEY* parallel:

A I R.

Renowned thus, in *BLAKENEY's* line,

Always successive honours shine,

Virtue may boast, while great fame lives

Of the great joy which she receives.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Britannia's sons with praises sing,

Preserve great fame, long live the King.

By

By Desire of the W I D O W,

I have inserted the particular ACCOUNT of the Engagement between the Terrible and Vengeance Privateers.

TH E unfortunate Captain *William Death*, of the *Terrible* Privateer, which had Twenty-six Carriage Guns, and Two hundred Men, on the 23d of *December* 1756, engaged the *Grand Alexander* from *St. Domingo*, bound to *Nantz*, a Ship of Four hundred Tons, Twenty-two Guns and One hundred Men, and after a smart Fight of two Hours and a half, in which Captain *Death's* Brother, and Sixteen of his Men were killed, he took her and put Forty of his Crew on Board. On *December* 28, in convoying his Prize, which was very valuable to *England*, the *Vengeance* Privateer of *St. Maloes*, Thirty-six Guns and Three hundred Men, bore down upon and retook the Prize. Then the *Vengeance* and the Prize both attacked the *Terrible*, she being between them, her Main-mast was shot away the first Broadside, and after the most desperate and bloody Engagement ever known, for one Hour and a half, in which Monsieur *Bourdas* the *French* Captain, his second, and two thirds of his Crew, Captain *Death*, almost all his Officers, and the major Part of his Crew were all killed, to the Amount of near Four hundred on both Sides; the *Terrible* was taken and carried to *St. Maloes* in a shattered, frightful and bloody Condition, having no more than Twenty-six of the Crew left alive on board, and Sixteen of them had lost Legs or Arms, and the other ten were mostly wounded.

Now let me intreat you, my Countrymen, for the Honour of the *British* Nation, to contribute something toward the Support of the Widow of so brave and gallant an *Englishman* as Captain *Death*, who fought so courageously for his Ship and Prize, and I hope the compassionate will have a feeling for the poor Survivors of his Crew, now Prisoners in *France*, to let that haughty Power see the Spirit of true born *Englishmen*.

AN OCCASIONAL
ODE of CONSOLATION
Upon the LOSS of
Captain *WILLIAM DEATH*,

*Honour is satisfaction to the soul,
Ye laurels mourn the hero whose conscience clear !
And support his urn with friendship and love,
While his body floateth upon a watry bier,
His soul has took its flight to joys above,
To join the heavenly choir of Angels !*

HARK! Britons, hark! Lift to the sound,
Methinks, I hear the groans of DEATH,
Thus—dying in his country's cause ;
Methinks I see his mortal wound.
In agonies resign his breath,
Whilst his fame merits loud applause.

Alas, my brother's moan is not to be redress'd,
Wrapt in deep thought, for honour kept his post,
Thus doom'd by fate, he fore by the foe was prest,
Until the Capture and his ship both lost,

If thus the owners are alarm'd,
Brave DEATH and most of his crew slain,
His few survivors, when disarm'd,
Then to withstand they thought it vain.

Unwelcome Messenger, such news their breasts must rend,
Great loss to the owners and sorrow to each friend.

The *Terrible*, unaw'd by dread,
Tho' rapid streams ran purple gore,
Veng'ance triumphant rais'd her head,
And her loud voice then ceas'd to roar.

Unite bold *Britons*, sons of fame,
Pursue your foes, preserve the name,
Let DEATH's example be your view,
And all his honours live in you.

So honest was the man, by heroes thus approv'd,
For honour much esteem'd, and by all men below'd.

((II))

For this great end let wisdom join,
Courage and virtue to combine,
Let justice be your only aim,
That *France* may dread the *English* name.

Sing O! heavenly muse,
While *Britons* tears they flow,
For those whose course are run,
Say, what heart can refuse,
To relieve his W I D O W,
Before she is undone.

No savage, flinty heart,
But freely would impart,
Something to her relief,
While overwhelm'd with grief.

When you observe each pensive eye,
The sufferers loss deplore,
'Tis sign'd then with a *Briton's* sigh,
Ah! brave DEATH is no more!

Altho'

Altho' I mournful sing his praise,

No future view is in my lays,

My heart sincere does glow,

For those Captives, that are in *France*,

Some bounty let us then advance,

To cheer them in their woe.

Virtue proclaims aloud the gen'rous owners praise,

In being assiduous willing bounties to raise.

Your treasure search do not refuse,

Their poor surviving heirs,

If pittance small, it will amuse,

And ease their greatest cares.

Such private virtues will be blest'd,

On us their loss depend,

Let us be, if enough possess'd,

Their husband, father, friend,

F. I. N. I. S.